

GALLIPOLIS JOURNAL.

Published by James Harper.

"Truth and Justice."

[At \$1.50 in Advance]

Volume XVI.--Number 11.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, FEBRUARY 13, 1851.

Whole Number 791.

THE JOURNAL.

Is published every Thursday morning
BY JAMES HARPER.
In Telegraph Building, Public Square.

TERMS:

1 copy one year, paid in advance, \$1 50
1 " if paid within the year 2 00
For Clubs—Four Copies, \$5 50
Six " 8 00
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The American Flag, in 1850.

Inscribed by Daniel Webster.

By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"We regard the American Banner as already secured."—From a Fiction Newspaper.

It is not severed! Not as soon
The sister stars by tempest wrack
Shall be divided in their sky.
And darkle into chaos back!
Not there it floats, with every hue
Undim'd as when it first unfurled
Against the storm, and proudly threw
Defiance to the Tyrant's world;
And still the awful Bird that wheels
Amid the tempest wildly swelling,
And calmly hears the thunder peals
Within its storm god's misty dwelling,
Aye, still he guards from traitor fell
The glories of that standard sheet,
And bears it in his guardian hand
Resplendent over Freedom's Land!

Clime of the Valiant and the Tried!
Where Marion fought and Warren died:
Where Monmouth still to Guilford calls,
And Valor walks through Vernon's halls,
While Honor muses in the gloom
And glory of the Hero's tomb,
Or chants that grand old lay she made
Accordant with the dark blue seas,
That murmur mild where Freedom laid
Her lion-hearted Miltiades:
Land of the Forest and the Glen!
Thou hardy nurse of hardy men!
Land of the Mountain and the Lake!
Of rivers rolled from sea to sea,
In that broad grandeur fit to make
The symbols of Eternity:
O, fairest clime! O, dearest Land!
Who shall thy banded children sever?
God of our fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand—
And swear "the Union lives forever!"

Then float, float on thou Banner bright
With glory from the olden fight!
Yea! stainless standard of the brave
Thy wreath of stars still decks the wave
Where Honor once her Lawrence rolled
To quiet in thy spangled fold:

Still, shining banner of the free,
The shackled nations turn to thee,
And when at home thy shadow falls
Along the Armory's trophied walls,
The ancient Trumpets long for breath—
The dented sabres fiercely start
To vengeance from each clanging sheath
As if they sought some Traitor's heart!

O sacred banner of the brave!
O standard of a thousand ships!
O Guardian of the Patriot's grave!
Come, let us press thee to our lips—
There is a trembling of the rocks—
New England feels the Patriot shocks—
There is a trembling in the Lakes—
The West, the mighty West awakes;
There is a noise amid the pines—
The white magnolias whiter bloom,
Upon the South new glory shines,
Shedding its glory o'er Pinckney's tomb:

Behold! the troubled air is dark
With martial ghosts—the hills are
With bands of living men, and hark!
Their voices come in mingled might—
The Right shall live while Faction dies;
The Traitors draw a fleeting breath,
But Patriots drink from God's own eyes
The light of Truth that conquers
Death!

Then fairest Flag! Then dearest Land!
Who shall thy banded children sever?
God of our fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand—
And swear "the Union lives forever!"
New York, 1850.

The Constitutional Convention of
Indiana has, by a decisive vote, ex-
cluded negroes and mulattoes from
hereafter settling in that State; also,
that all contracts with such persons
shall be void; that any one employ-
ing them or encouraging them to re-
main in the State shall be liable to
a fine of from 10 to \$500; and that
back-fines shall be applied towards
the gradual colonization of the ne-
groes now in the State. This arti-
cle is to be submitted to a separate
vote of the people.

THE HEROINE OF WHEELING.

Though we may sing of, and tell
about, the hardy men who fought
so bravely and suffered so greatly to
establish the principles of that Gov-
ernment under which we now ex-
ist, we must not forget those heroic
women who, as mothers and wives,
sent forth, with eager hearts and
cheering words, their sons and hus-
bands, to the bitter fields of strife,
or as sisters aided to clothe and equip
their brothers. Their aching hearts
were silent, their burning tears were
brushed away, as with smiles they
embraced them at parting, and with
high words of trustful faith, like the
women of Sparta, bade them turn
not back upon the conquering foe.

The words of all ages bear no
slight testimony to the devoted cou-
rage of women; and were our own
history more perfectly known, in-
stances of female courage would be
found to parallel the most wonder-
ful of ancient chronicles. We have
now to record an act performed by
a young woman during our revolu-
tionary struggle, which, for nerve
and desperation, is scarcely to be
matched.

In the year 1778, Wheeling, Vir-
ginia, was besieged by a large force
of British and Indians. At this time
the Fort, with an insufficient force,
was under the command of Col. Silas
Zane, a brave and meritorious of-
ficer. Distant from this, about eighty
yards, and outside the wall, was
situated a block house, in which was
Col. Ebenezer Zane, a brother of Silas,
and the Senior officer, with a
few men. There were several wo-
men in the Fort, and among them
at the time, was Elizabeth Zane, a
sister of the Colonel. She was a
young woman of extraordinary beau-
ty, having a tall and finely formed
figure, with a head like Juno; a black
eye, mild and firm in its expression;
a voice soft and musical as a lute;
and with an expression of counte-
nance as bland as Italian skies, though
beneath it might slumber passions as
warm as the fires of Vesuvius. It
may be supposed that many a soldier's
eye followed her wistfully, as in
days of quiet she roamed about the
Fort, or strolled for a walk in com-
pany with one of her brothers. Many
a proposal had been made in vain.
Officers of high rank had sued for
her, and many a gallant empire was
undertaken in her name, but all to
no effect, so far as winning her af-
fection went. She was not one of
those light-witted women, to be
caught by fine show and fine profes-
sions. As far as the heart went,
she placed no difference between
high-nodding plumes, and the last
man in the ranks—the last man,
not the least. She was above that
age when young women are most
apt to be caught by fine compliments,
or dashing appearances; but, plain
and direct in her manner, it was her
study to give no encouragement to
the attention of her suitors.

Yet from the description the read-
er must not infer that she was not
susceptible to the softer passion of
love. Far from it, her troth was at
that time pledged; nor could the
most ambitious thought in the world
have tempted her to swerve from the
sanctity of those vows made to the
lover of her choice—made, as all lov-
ers' oaths are, in the quiet evening
hour, and witnessed by the moon,
that lovers' planet, and "all the star-
ry host of heaven."

Among the soldiers in the fort at
this time none was a greater favor-
ite with officers and men than Ashly
Harper. Bold, adventurous, and
generous, almost to a fault, no haz-
ardous expedition was projected in
which he was not always ready to
volunteer; and many a forlorn hope
had seen him face the savage foe with
odds against him; and while powder
flashed, and bayonets gleamed, he
was sure to be found in the hottest
of the fray. On two occasions, had
he saved the life of his superior offi-
cer, when the tomahawk glittered
with the fearful expectation of its
victim's blood. He had enlisted in
the service a year previous as a pri-
vate; and although promotion to the
rank of a non-commissioned officer
had been offered him on account of
his good qualities as a soldier, and
his intelligence as a man, he had re-
fused its acceptance, declaring that,
as his only desire was to serve his
country, he was willing to serve
through the war as private, leaving
all conditions above that to soldiers
more competent or more ambitious.

He was the son of a respectable
farmer, whose industry had enabled
him to raise up, and respectfully edu-
cate, a large family—a man of se-
vere discipline, whose watchful eye
detected youthful faults in time to
prevent their maturing to crimes—
He had been intimate with the fam-
ily of the Zanes, and, when Ashly ex-

pressed a desire to enlist, the old
man easily prevailed upon Colonel
Silas to enrol him among his own
men.

Now we will not pretend to say
that there had been any particular
understanding between Miss Eliza-
beth and the young gentleman above
spoken of, previous to his becoming
a soldier, though such a thing might
possibly have been in a mute way.
Verbal declarations certainly had
not been made; for an owl told how,
one moonlight evening, while he was
sitting in the shady branches of a
chestnut, that stood but a few yards
from the Fort,

—Considering as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night.

He looked about with a solemn scowl,
and beheld coming from the shadow
of the Fort, a lover and his mistress—
he knew it was a lover and his mis-
tress, they spoke to one another so
tenderly.

They came out from the Fort
stealthily, and stole softly over the
greenward, to the foot of the chest-
nut, and sitting down upon one of
the knarled roots, said kind things,
uttered sacred vows, and breathed
scented sighs one to the other. They
sat there an hour—a good hour by
the march of Saturn—talking and
sighing all the while, when call-
ing upon the stars to witness their
oaths, and sealing their vows with a
kiss, retired.

It was but a short time after this
occurrence that the siege of Wheel-
ing was commenced by the British
and Indians, and although the place
was defended with zeal and an un-
limited amount of courage, the hopes
of the besieged grew somewhat dim
as they looked forth upon the masses
that surrounded them. A scarcity of
provisions was not what alarmed
them, for of those at present they had
a sufficient supply; but alarm be-
came almost consternation when it
was announced that their powder
was short. Several desperate as-
saults had been made by the enemy
to break into the fort, but Col. Zane
and his men repulsed and drove
them back again as vigorously as
they assaulted. The Indians on two
or three occasions attempted the de-
struction of the fort and block house
by fire; but in each instance they
were shot down ere the faggot and
burning brand could be applied.—
But ultimately those in the fort be-
gan to fail in their hopes of a suc-
cessful defence, when the word was
passed around that they were in pos-
session of a few charges of powder
only. There was an abundant supply
in the block house, which they had
been prevented from removing by
the suddenness of the assault; but
how was it to be gotten now?
Surrounded by the most inveterate
of foes, what possible method could
be adopted to procure them a sup-
ply of ammunition? Their condition
must be known to the enemy the
moment their fire slackened, and
then they could easily be destroy-
ed without the least show of de-
fence.

The second day of the siege had
well nigh worn away—it was in the
middle of the afternoon. The last
shot had been fired—the last grain
of powder had been exhausted. Now,
what was to be done? Make terms
of capitulation, or, despairing, sub-
mit to fate? They in the block house
still held out bravely, and a little
longer concert of action might save
them, for the enemy began already
to show symptoms of wavering.—
At this crisis Colonel Zane called
his men around him, and after de-
scribing to them the situation in
which they were placed, he desired
them to make up their minds to at-
tempt a passage through the enemy to
the block house. He added that it was
indeed a forlorn hope, but at the
worst could not be more disastrous
than to remain in their present con-
dition. No answer followed the
appeal. The men gazed at their
commander and into the eyes of each
other with the most complete de-
spair, and with faces blank without
any ray of hope. Elizabeth stood
by the side of her brother, silent; but
that silence was more eloquent than
the words of the Colonel. Perhaps
though a slight pang might have flut-
tered her pulse to hear no one speak.
Was there not one brave enough to
peril his life for the salvation of the
whole? Ammunition was all that
was wanted. One keg of powder
and they were free! At that mo-
ment a young man stepped modest-
ly forward and said:

"Colonel, I will attempt the pas-
sage. If I fall remember me; if I
succeed—"

His eye caught the expression of
Elizabeth's features, as they glowed
upon him with unutterable fondness
and pride, and fell to the ground—
Colonel Zane stepped forward, and

taking the young soldier's hand,

—You are the man I expected would
volunteer for this service. Go, and
God protect you! If they see you
from the block house, they will try
and cover you with their fire. Self-
possession is your only hope. Now
away, while the enemy are partially
withdrawn.

But here Elizabeth stepped for-
ward, and, addressing her brother,

—Silas, let me undertake this enter-
prise.
—You! replied her brother, viewing
her with astonishment. Impossible!
Do you know the danger of the at-
tempt?

"Perfectly," she answered. "You
have no men to spare. Every one is
needed in defence of the Fort; and
this is the only service I can render."

"But a man would be more fleet,
Elizabeth, and more certain of suc-
cess," said her brother.

"Still you have no man to spare;
and a woman would not run the
same danger in passing thro' the
enemy. Besides, if I fall, I shall not
be so much missed, nor your forces
weakened."

The Colonel was moved to tears,
and embracing his sister, exclaimed—
—Then go! God's will be done, and
may he protect you!
A dozen men now sprang forward,
prompted by the devotion of this
heroic woman; and Ashly Harper,
more urgent than the rest, insisted
that it was his right, as he was the
first to propose. But Elizabeth
would hear no objections, and at
once began to make preparations for
the enterprise. Partially divesting
herself of her clothing, so that her
speed might be the less impeded, she
was let out at the gate of the fort,
followed by the prayers and blessings
of all within; while from one of the
embrasures the eyes of Ashly Har-
per followed her, as she fled like a
young roe through the lines of the
enemy. Now she falls! Twenty
muskets are raised by the savages to
stop her progress; but a cry of
"Squaw! squaw!" saved her. She
reaches the block house in safety, and
is admitted!

A period of awful suspense await-
ed them in the fort. The men were
anxious for relief, the Colonel was
regretting that he permitted his sis-
ter to go, and Ashly Harper was
breathing prayers for her safety.

In the block house, the excitement
was equally as great, and astonish-
ment was expressed by every one at
the intrepidity of the maiden. Her
brother there persuaded her to stay
with him, offering to send one of
his own men to the Fort with the
powder. But she overruled his ar-
guments with the same logic she had
used with her brother Silas, and was
at last permitted to return. A keg
of powder was poured into a table
cloth, and she again sallied forth to
run the desperate gauntlet.

In the Fort, every heart was beat-
ing with the utmost anxiety; and, as
the dusky foe was seen gathering
around scarce a vestige of hope was
left for the safety of the heroic ma-
iden. Still watched her lover from
the embrasure, and still prayed her
brother silently. Forward she sped
on her return with her precious bur-
den, as though her feet were winged,
while the enemy, at length suspicious
of her errand, were pouring show-
ers of lead after her. Yet onward
she came unharmed—apparently un-
alarmed—preserved by an Omnipot-
ent power; and at length reached
the gate of the Fort, which was
thrown open with eagerness to ad-
mit her. As it closed with safety
upon the little band within, it was
assaulted with a hundred bullets,
while the savages around made the
air peal with their demoniac yells of
disappointment and rage. The bro-
ther welcomed her with tears. All
pressed around her to thank her for
her bravery—all but Ashly Harper:
his heart was too full for expression.

The result of this adventure was
the successful defence of the Fort
against the besiegers. But ere the
war of the revolution was ended,
Ashly Harper slept with the dead
heroes of our country, having fallen
at the battle of Saunders' Creek, in
North Carolina, August 16, 1780.

If there were no clouds there
would be no rainbows, and if there
were no troubles, we would not
know what pleasure is. No body
can place a proper estimate on
health till he has been sick—while
the blessing of contentment can on-
ly be appreciated by those who have
been miserable. The ill of life are
like pepper and mustard, of little
use in themselves, though great fla-
vorings. The happiest hour a person
passes in this world is the hour that
succeeds a tooth ache. Strike pain
out of existence, and there would
be no pleasure left.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—Sad Re- morse of Fortune.—The Springfield

Republican furnishes the following
narrative:

Many of our readers will remem-
ber a series of articles entitled—
"Three weeks on a cotton plantation,"
which appeared in the Republican a
twelve months since, or more. In
one of those articles, the romantic
history of the planter, whose hospi-
tality the writer gratefully recalled
was briefly given. He landed at
Natchez, a boy. He had come down
the Ohio and Mississippi on a
flat boat, with his father and his
father's partner. There his father
died, and was buried, and there the
boy was left by the heartless part-
ner, without a penny. Naturally
shrewd he soon picked up business—
sold tickets for the theatre, did er-
rands, peddled nick nacks, &c., until
he grew up to a proper size for a
larger operation. He then became the
owner of a dray, then of a small
plantation, near Natchez, then of an
immensely large plantation at Mill-
iken's Bend above Vicksburg. Here
he went into speculation, and be-
fore the crash of '37 supposed him-
self to be worth a quarter of a mil-
lion.

Hitherto his fortunes had waxed.
He then for the first time, returned
to Cincinnati, and sought out his
mother and sisters whom he left be-
hind long years before. He found
his family, who supposed him dead,
in poverty, and provided for them,
and then came the reverse. The
wife of his youth had borne him three
beautiful children. These, one after
another died, then the wife was laid
in the grave. An interval elapsed,
of pecuniary prosperity, but of in-
tense grief, when he was blessed with
the hand of one of the most beau-
tiful and lovely of the womankind.—
Then came the energy that parried
in some degree the force of the blow,
and he was enabled to return and
add to his beautiful plantation.

Years passed on, and another
family of beautiful children had
grown up around him, to whom and
whose beautiful mother he was at-
tached by almost fanatical idolatry.
Two years ago last August his home
was the abode of plenty and the larg-
est hospitality. Immediately after-
wards his favorite child sickened and
died. A month or two after this,
his house was burned. A few weeks
more, and a long pending law suit
originating in his efforts to retain his
property and pay off his debts, was
decided against him, and his planta-
tion was put under the hammer of
the auctioneer, and the broken spirit-
ed man moved to Vicksburg. Here
another child died.

With the remnant of his large
possession he purchased the beau-
tiful steamer Mohawk, and run her
in the New Orleans trade, acting as
the Captain, himself. A few days
ago the following despatch was re-
ceived by the Northern papers:

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 17.
Capt. Cobb, of the steamer Mo-
hawk, blew out his brains yester-
day at Vicksburg—cause, pecuniary
troubles, and death of his wife.

Another despatch from Nashville,
of the same date, stated that that
morning, the steamer Mohawk sunk
with 2,500 bales of cotton on board,
while lying at that city! Two poor,
weeping, terror-stricken children are
all that remain of the whole family.
What dream of fiction ever equalled
a tragedy like this.

TRIAL OF MR. TONGUE.—Mr.
Tongue was charged with being "an
unlawful, full of deadly poison,"
and in proof of the charge the law
book was produced, and a passage
cited from James iii. 8. The defend-
ant replied, that if it were not for
Mr. Heart, who lived a little way be-
low him, he should be as innocent
as his neighbors, Mr. Nose, or the
Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his
position, he cited a passage from the
same law book; Matthew xv. 18.

The court decided that the defence
was a sound one, and that nothing
really good could be expected from
Mr. Tongue, until a radical change
should take place in his neighbor
Heart.

Van Horn, of the Meigs County
Telegraph, has the following review
of the money market:

We were dunned the other day
for a debt of one dollar—funds on
hand half a dime—deficit ninety-five
cents. Assets, to meet demand,
\$1200 charged on books. Unless
paid in soon we shall be compelled
to negotiate to meet the demand—mon-
ey market tight.

The Residence of Mrs. Helen M.
Scott, two miles from Versailles,
Ky., on the Nicholasville turnpike
road, was destroyed by fire on Mon-
day. Loss not less than \$3,000.

Population of Ohio, June 1st, 1850, by County.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------|------------|-------|
| Adams, | 18943 | Licking | 38781 |
| Allen, | 12103 | Logan | 19807 |
| Ashland, | 23828 | Lorain | 25757 |
| Ashtabula, | 29768 | Lucas | 12367 |
| Athens, | 18218 | Madison | 10031 |
| Auglaize, | 11444 | Mahoning | 23745 |
| Belmont, | 35240 | Marion | 12195 |
| Brown, | 27327 | Medina | 24458 |
| Butler, | 30796 | Meigs | 17988 |
| Carroll, | 17688 | Mercer | 7712 |
| Champaign, | 19950 | Miami | 25007 |
| Clark, | 22136 | Monroe | 23378 |
| Clermont, | 30452 | Montgomery | 38218 |
| Columbiana, | 18837 | Morgan | 26324 |
| Coshocton, | 31601 | Morrow | 20280 |
| Crawford, | 25702 | Muskingum | 45043 |
| Cuyahoga, | 18139 | Ottawa | 3308 |
| Darke, | 48099 | Paulding | 1766 |
| Defiance, | 20167 | Perry | 20774 |
| Delaware, | 6985 | Pickaway | 21286 |
| Erle, | 21816 | Pike | 10954 |
| Fairfield, | 18578 | Portage | 24810 |
| Fayette, | 30221 | Preble | 21709 |
| Franklin, | 12738 | Putnam | 7221 |
| Fulton, | 43003 | Richland | 30887 |
| Gallia, | 7770 | Ross | 31883 |
| Geauga, | 17668 | Sandusky | 14455 |
| Greene, | 17757 | Scioto | 18429 |
| Guernsey, | 21947 | Seneca | 27110 |
| Hamilton, | 30450 | Shelby | 13848 |
| Hancock, | 15874 | Stark | 39980 |
| Hardin, | 17149 | Summit | 27410 |
| Harrison, | 8351 | Trumbull | 30490 |
| Henry, | 20169 | Tuscarawas | 31730 |
| Highland, | 3432 | Union | 12205 |
| Hocking, | 25864 | Van Wert | 4794 |
| Holmes, | 15375 | Vinton | 9363 |
| Huron, | 20381 | Warren | 25672 |
| Jackson, | 26202 | Washington | 29538 |
| Jefferson, | 12725 | Wayne | 33003 |
| Knox, | 29137 | Williams | 7967 |
| Lake, | 28792 | Wood | 9124 |
| Lawrence, | 14654 | Wyandot | 11222 |

By the above table, which we have
just received from Gen. Jones, the
Marshal of Ohio, it will be seen that
Ohio has not quite reached the expecta-
tions of the people as to population.—
We supposed we should overrun two
millions. But by the above table, it
seems that we fall short of that number
just 16,820.

Our population in 1840 was 1,519,
467. It will thus be observed that we
have increased 463,670 in numbers
within the last ten years, being a gain of
30 1/2 per cent. This is a larger gain than
New York or Pennsylvania, but is
not quite as large as we expected.

It will be noticed that there are but
three counties with greater population
than Franklin, viz: Hamilton, Cuyahoga
and Muskingum. There are four
counties that exceed 40,000 and eight-
teen that exceed 30,000 inhabitants.—
State Journal.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

Lines written on leaving home.

Farewell! my dear father—sweet home
of my childhood,
My mother and friends I must bid you
adieu!

No pen can portray nor tongue tell the
anguish,
I feel, my dear parents, at parting
from you.

Adieu! beloved brother—the friend of
my boyhood,
Dear sisters and playmates, I from
you depart;

But go where I will, if in joy or in sor-
row,
Thy images ever shall dwell in my
heart.

Remember your brother, when in prayer
at the altar,
While asking the peace and salvation
of men;

Intercede with the Lord for thy far-dis-
tant brother,
That he for his safety may be "born
again."

Then again, beloved parents, kind
friends and relations,
Dear brother and sisters I bid you
adieu;

Although he may be absent and far
away from thee,
Do not forget him who will not forget
you.

G. H. S.
JANUARY, 1851.

The Step Daughter.

She is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear

Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear;
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,

More gentle have I been to her,
Perhaps than all the rest.
Has any little fault occurred
That may rebuke demand,

Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,
An Angel's voice comes flitting by,
With look so sad and mild—

A voice floats softly from the sky,
"Wouldst thou harm my orphan child?"
No! witness thou and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine,

Or may I lose her father's love,
A love that once was thine.

George Thompson, the English
abolitionist, is lying seriously ill at
the house of Mr. Garrison in Bos-
ton.

Le Grand Byington—Apocryph.

The Iowa Republican, published at
the Capitol of Iowa, gives the pro-
ceedings of the Legislature of that
State on the subject of individual li-
ability of members of corporations.—
It appears that the subject is attract-
ing much attention just at present.
The lobbies have organized, and for
several evenings have been discus-
sing the subject. Among others, we
find "Le Grand Byington," once fa-
mous in Ohio as an opponent of the
individual liability principle. He
says, "It would be unjust and inex-
pedient to apply the individual li-
ability principle to stock holders in
internal improvement companies."

The Editor of the Republican, ex-
claims: "What will Sam. Medary
say?" and thinks it very probable
that he would declare it was all a
"Whig lie."

But the fun of the thing rests in
the fact that Byington stoutly denied
that he had ever advocated individ-
ual liability. When asked if he had
not voted to put that clause in church
corporations, he promptly exclaimed,
"No sir-ee." He further said this
principle was only talked of in Ohio
to kill off the banks and other odious
corporations, but that it was never
applied, and never intended to be ap-
plied to corporations for internal im-
provements.

What do the Democracy of Ohio
say to this? Byington has turned
State's evidence, and has no doubt
confessed the secret of the affair.—
The principle was intended only for
that class of corporations that they
considered "odious," and which they
were desirous of killing off by attach-
ing to this.

We submit this latest and most
palpable case of apocryph, to the
consideration of the Statesman, and
the former friends and admirers of
the famous Le Grand. Let him be
ranked with the Vances, and the
Kennons, and the Swans, and the
others who have betrayed the "holy